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AN

APPENDIX

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VINDICIÆ BRITANNICÆ:

IN ANSWER TO

THE CALUMNIES

OF THE

ANALYTICAL REVIEW.

I like to pour out all myself as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.

POPE'S SATIRES.

LONDON:

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1794.

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ANALYTICAL REVIEWERS' ADDRESS to the PUBLIC.

[Vide Analytical Review, vol. i. p. 1, 2.]

“THE true design of a literary Journal is, in our opinion, to give such an account of new publications, as may enable Readers to judge for themselves. Certainly the Public take up a work of this kind, not so much to learn the opinion of the Critic, as with a view to be enabled to judge of a book for themselves. And whenever this grand original end is neglected; whenever a superficial or no analysis is given of a book, and a specimen from which the Reader cannot form any accurate judgment of it, then we conceive the true design of such a Work is not accomplished.”

SUCH are the rules, which, in the year 1788, the Conductors of the Analytical Review submitted to the Public as essential ingredients in the composition of a literary Journal. As the fairest comment upon these professions of impartiality, I beg leave to subjoin their critique on *Vindiciæ Britannicæ* in the year 1794.

“We cannot but admire the exemplary modesty of this writer, in informing the Public, that he has hitherto acquired no higher academic rank than that of an *under graduate*; especially as he has not neglected to stamp upon his work other less unequivocal marks of his humble station; for, though his frequent quotations from the classics, particularly from *Pindar*, might have raised a conjecture that he had reached the higher form in the grammar school, it would not have been suspected, that a work so totally destitute of all regard to the rules of logic, and particularly so deficient in that *lucidus ordo*, which is one of the first excellencies in writing, could be the production of a graduated man. In truth, we find in this piece, which the author calls his *primary attempt*, so little solidity or depth of thought, and so much confusion of method, that we cannot do either him or the Public the injustice

to contribute towards confirming him in a design, which he says he has formed from his earliest youth, of dedicating his life to the political service of his king and country.

“ In a writer who, according to his own account, cannot descend to logical fridity, it is vain to search for arguments which we can detail to our readers. Something of this kind he endeavours to offer in defence of the present war, as necessary for the support of the Christian religion; but his premises and conclusions are too remote to enforce conviction: The French are infidels: Therefore we must go to war with them. The argument would have been more conclusive in this form: The French are attempting to propagate infidelity in this country by the sword, therefore they ought to be opposed: But in this statement the premises would be false. Equally illogical is the reasoning, by which the author converts into acts of hostility against the state, the laudable zeal of good men to reform it. Mr. Wakefield’s censure of the clergy of the church of England the writer imputes to bitter malignity of heart; and instead of examining the grounds of those censures, roundly asserts, that, ‘like the Bramins of India, these good men quit not the silence of their retreats to mingle in the tumult of the state;’ and in a strain of high panegyric introduces, we suppose as an example of this modest reserve, “a great and good prelate, who is blessed with the well-earned veneration of his countrymen.” The dissenters of this country are *handsomely* distinguished by the appellation of snarling puritans, and the *friends* of reform are classically compared to Pisistratus, ‘who blustered about the sovereign majesty of the people, about equal rights, arbitrary measures, undue influence, universal suffrage, and a long bundle of such-like squibs, which the patriots of one age hand down ready cut and dried to those of another.’ The ancient solid structure of a Clovis or a Cerdic is, in this writer’s judgment, far preferable to the new-fangled system of a Rousseau or Voltaire. Though he admits the right of subjects to call in question the measures of ministers of state, the free discussion of general questions of policy he reprobates, as ‘the uncontroled dissemination of political arsenic.’ With what propriety such a writer can claim to himself the character of a friend to free inquiry, or with what consistency he can profess himself a lover of British freedom, and exult that he is bred and born an Englishman, we leave our readers to determine.”

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A P P E N D I X, &c.

THE Conductors of the Analytical Review having lately bestowed some consideration on *Vindiciæ Britannicæ*, and, with that candour which so eminently distinguishes their excellent performance, having held up the Author to the contempt of all men of letters, as a writer not possessed of the faculty of reasoning, and to the detestation of all men of virtue, as the advocate of arbitrary power and the enemy of the British constitution; anxious to preserve his sentiments from misrepresentation, and to retain the esteem and good opinion of his countrymen, he is reduced to the necessity of appealing to that Public, who always decide impartially.

He thinks that, were he to sit down silent under the invectives which have been launched out against him, it might be imputed to negligence with regard to his character, or, what is far worse, to his consciousness that the cause, in which he formerly engaged, is indefensible.

Since Mr. Gilbert Wakefield does not think it the most advisable plan to refute the Strictures upon his Spirit of Christianity, but honourably leaves his principles

principles to be defended by his friends in St. Paul's Church-yard, I shall not again intrude myself on him, but shall leave him to his literary pursuits, where his researches are so serviceable and so creditable to his country. I thought his *Spirit of Christianity* a work calculated to do a deal of mischief in this country ; I thought that the sanctified garb of religion did not render sedition more amiable, or murder more lovely, and that the bravo of Marseilles, in the same breath blaspheming his Creator, and blowing the trumpet of assassination, is a spectacle far less disgusting to human nature, than one who at the same time expatiates on the advantages which result from the purest system of religion, and recommends the deluded wretches, over whom his craft and hypocrisy have acquired a fatal ascendancy, to act in such a manner as to transgress every dictate of common sense, and to violate every rule of humanity.

As a good citizen, I thought it my duty to put my countrymen upon their guard against this insidious attack upon their freedom and happiness. The voice of my own conscience, and the flattering testimonies of a few candid friends, assure me that I have done my duty. The Conductors of the *Analytical Review*, though they profess their opinion that it would be injustice both to the Public and myself to confirm me in the design which I have formed, from my earliest youth, of dedicating my life to the political service of my King and country, notwithstanding the charitable admonition which they give, present me with the choice of the alternative, of figuring again on that theatre,
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for which, in their opinion, I am so ill adapted, or of forfeiting all pretensions to resolution and consistency.

A common Drawcanfir would have too great a sense of shame, publicly to declare in a gaming-house, " I know that fellow to be a coward, and an unskilful swordsman, therefore I will seize the first opportunity of picking a quarrel with him, and attacking him." This simile, perhaps, may please the Conductors of the Analytical Review, as being less *classical* than the unfortunate one of Pisistratus. But with whatever sentiments the coarse, homely analogy may inspire Mr. Johnson's tribe of literary assassins, in it every impartial man will trace some faint resemblance of their conduct with regard to myself.

Want of method, it seems, is a general failing which pervades the unlucky *Vindiciæ Britannicæ*. I will try to atone for it; and if, in a logical recrimination, any expressions too severe, or too revengeful, may assail the ears of the Conductors of the Analytical Review, I am confident that those liberal-minded men will pardon my warmth, when they perceive how much I have profited from their directions on the score of the " *lucidus ordo*."

The whole of my work, then, in the opinion of *these impartial historians of the republic of letters*, is *illogical* to the extreme. Be it so: I will trespass on the patience of my readers for a few minutes, while I endeavour to define what they mean by logic. The old-fashioned mode of proving the justice or injustice of any action, was to see how it tallied with those principles of right and wrong, which an indulgent

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Creator has been pleased of old, at sundry times and in divers manners, to reveal to us ; and to examine how far the moral sense (which every man may find implanted in his own breast, unless it has been blunted by sensuality, or eradicated by philosophy) sanctions the demeanour in question by its approbation, or protests against it by repugnance. The old-fashioned mode of proving the expediency or in expediency of any action, was to consider whether, if it was had recourse to, it would augment or diminish the sum total of the happiness of the state that has recourse to it. These are the rules of logic to which I have ever adhered ; but having been used for time, “ whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,” like all other antiquated procedures they are to be laid on the shelf ; and the Conductors of the Analytical Review have in a lordly style prescribed to the literary world at large those new-fangled modes of arguing, which have been invented by Raynal and Voltaire, and which have been played off with so much brilliancy and success, in our vernacular tongue, by our own argumentative countryman, the *Calm Observer*.

In like manner, the old-fashioned, natural, paternal supremacy of a Monarch, is to be exchanged for the empty pageantry of a National Convention, and the supercilious hypocrisy of a Provisional Executive Council. We are called upon at once to rebel against the Prince who is seated upon the throne, to sacrifice Revelation on the altar of Deism, and to form our notions no longer from British common sense, but from French metaphysics.

Whether a British Public expect from a gentleman, when he steps forward to deliver his uninflamatory sentiments on the state of public affairs, and by so doing to exercise a right vested in him by the law of nature, and confirmed to him by the law of the land, whether they expect him to run up and down the keys of French philosophy with as much adroitness and fluency as a constitutional priest, or a deputy from one of the eighty-four departments, is a matter of fact at issue between the Conductors of the Analytical Review and myself, which a British Public alone can decide.

Though one of that Public, since I am interested in the decision, I will not, like the Revolutionary Tribunal, make myself party and judge, by pronouncing sentence in my own cause; but still I am at liberty to express my apprehension, that a British Public no more expects from one of its members the qualification hinted at in the Analytical Review, than it requires a Peer to enter the High Court of Parliament at Westminster-Hall with the strut of a player, or the caper of a dancing-master.

In my turn I must give the Conductors of the Analytical Review a piece of advice; but through that exemplary modesty, as the possessor of which they are pleased to compliment me, I will convey the admonition, not in language of my own, when I can borrow from such respectable authority as Mr. Hooker's: "Philosophy we are warranted to take heed of; not that philosophy which is true and sound knowledge, attained by natural discourse of reason, but that philosophy, which, to bolster heresy or error,

casteth a fraudulent show of reason upon things which are indeed unreasonable, and by that mean, as by a stratagem, spoileth the simple, which are not able to withstand such cunning *.” With such philosophy as this, Mr. Gilbert Wakefield and the Conductors of the Analytical Review may endeavour to debauch the minds and deprave the judgments of the ignorant ; but they shall neither laugh me nor bully me into so dishonourable a confederacy. I still will continue my endeavours, and rest my hopes of success, not on the far-fetched subtlety of arguments, or the polished periods of style, but on the reality of the facts which I inculcate, when I exclaim that the example of France is a warning to Great Britain, and that it is equally the duty and the interest of every Englishman to be ready to spill the last drop of blood in his veins to obviate and defeat the direful effects of those atrocious intentions which the French have repeatedly and unequivocally declared against the peace and happiness, if not the very existence, of this nation.

In defence of the present war I am said to have had recourse to this argument—“ The French are infidels ; therefore we must go to war with them.” This is a perversion of my reasoning. What I meant was this—“ Wherever the French have been able to exert their baleful influence, Christianity has been spitefully intreated, with an uniformity, indicating in the clearest manner, that they are averse to its existence.” Whether we are bound in justice to wait till the French land an hundred thousand infidels at Dover, and, as a neutral nation, march to Canter-

* Ecclesiastical Polity, book ii.

bury, and stall their horses in the cathedral; or whether, on the other hand, expediency prompts us and the law of nations allows us to endeavour to stem the torrent of this inundation of wickedness and irreligion, before it overwhelms our cities and our plains, is the point at issue between the Conductors of the Analytical Review and myself; a point upon which I am not afraid to meet them, laying aside the craft of insidious subterfuge and the illiberality of unmeaning abuse. The French show, that they have the will to attack by violence our religious establishment; they only want the power. I have ever understood, that the well-grounded fear of an injury is as just a cause of war as an injury actually sustained; for the grand end towards which all governments should aim—security—may render the mean of force as necessary in one case as in the other. With regard to the main question of the legality of our present war, and particularly as far as it relates to the preservation of the Christian religion, there is a passage in Vattel so very appropriate and so completely satisfactory, that had not his admired work been extant several years, one would imagine that the present conduct of the French had engaged the author's observation:

“ If, by constant maxims, by a regular tenor of behaviour, a nation should unequivocally demonstrate her pernicious disposition, if she should regard no rights as sacred, the safety of mankind requires that she should be repressed. To form and sustain an unjust pretension, is only to do wrong to him

whom the pretension interests. To mock at justice in general, is to wound all nations." Lib. ii chap 5.

With regard to the justice of our present war, on the whole case, I will put one plain question to the Conductors of the Analytical Review:—Because my house is my own, am I at liberty to disturb my neighbours with the indecent merriment and noisy quarrels of a brothel; or to render every moment of their lives full of fear and apprehension, by converting it into a pest-house, or a magazine for combustibles? Let me remind these gentlemen of the trite old proverb—*Sic utere tuo, ut alienum non lædas*—and let me tell them, that common sense entertains such sovereign contempt for those who can be weak enough to hesitate about the solution of the question stated above, that she answers their doubts by putting another to them—Are the substantial comforts and real enjoyments of the many, to be postponed to the gratification of a sensualist, or the whims of a maniac?

It seems that I *handsomely* distinguished the Dissenters of this country, by the appellation of *snarling Puritans*. Not at all desirous of recanting these words as they stand in the body of the work; not at all afraid of being found guilty of falsehood or prevarication; I directly charge the Conductors of the Analytical Review with saying the thing that is not, and with distorting my meaning for the dishonourable purpose of fixing upon me a stigma which I do not merit; having recourse to the prudential plan of
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representing me as an intolerant bigot, because they dare not gainsay the truths which I have laid down.

Far be it from me to wish to revive the flame of religious animosity; the attempt would be futile as iniquitous. Far be it from me to harbour an idea repugnant to that important and incontrovertible proposition, which constitutes the basis of religious liberty, which stands in need of no affirmative act of parliament to establish it, and which sets an insurmountable barrier to the exercise of sovereignty; that every one has a right to entertain his sentiments of the divine attributes, and that all compulsory subscriptions to articles of faith, the declining of which draws punishment along with it, are acts of tyranny which may and ought to be resisted. Far be it from me to entertain uncharitable sentiments towards any man, on account of his religious belief, however, I may lament his error or weakness. Firmly attached myself, from conviction, to the system of religion established by the laws of my country, I embrace it as a happy medium between the pompous superstition of the church of Rome, and the abstracted morality of the Deist. I allow to others the same liberty of entertaining their opinions as I claim to myself. But how those men are justified, who must be conscious of the superior efficacy of any religion supposed to be revealed, in restraining the passions and directing the actions of the uninstructed part of the community; how far these men are justified in attempting to substitute Theism in the room of Christianity, and, by so doing,

o weaken the spring which prompts to virtue, even supposing their own minds to be so singularly constructed as not to assent to the rational and plausible evidences of Christianity, I must confess I cannot perceive; and, instead of the sentiments of pity and astonishment which their conscientious scepticism would otherwise excite in my mind, I cannot help considering them as a set of men, striving to infuse a poison into the veins of the body politic, which will be attended with the most deadly effects.

Every impartial man who takes up the *Vindiciæ Britannicæ* without a settled preconceived design of crying down the author, by distorting his expressions and misrepresenting his ideas, will easily perceive that the appellation of snarling Puritans attaches itself not to those conscientious Dissenters who judge toleration to consist in exemption from all punishment, and restraint on account of opinions; and who quietly submit to the constituted authorities of their country; but to the preacher who, clothed in the exteriors of religion, inculcates into his flock as the principal article of their creed, the destruction not only of our established religion, but of our established government; and who exhorts them, by working upon their disordered imaginations and inflamed passions, with a sanctified appearance of moderation, to tear the mitre and the crown from the brow of the prelate and the sovereign.

Illogical it seems is the reasoning, by which I convert into acts of hostility against the state the laudable zeal of good men to reform it. The
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purity of our Reformers' intentions is so clearly demonstrated in the Reports of the Secret Committee, that it is needless for me to compose their eulogium ; nor would this, I apprehend, be agreeable to gentlemen of such uncommon delicacy as the members of the Corresponding Society, and the Society for Constitutional Information*. My voice would

* When speculating on the tempers and the habits of mankind in the more confined walks of private life, we are astonished to see so many fall victims to the uncontrouled gratification of their appetites, notwithstanding the companions of their debaucheries, as they sink successively into a premature grave, warn them in a lively and forcible manner of what must be the consequence of their intemperate indulgences.

But how much greater is our astonishment when we reflect, that though the votaries of popularity scarcely ever arrive at the period of old age, or die peaceably on their beds, there is every day a fresh succession of patriots to receive the plaudits of the sovereign people in the tribune, and six months afterwards to receive their imprecations on the scaffold. When we behold so signal an instance of the rash blindness of human nature, we need no longer wonder at the inconsiderate precipitancy with which the girls in the Arabian Nights Entertainments voluntarily submitted themselves to the horrors of an irrevocable death, for the transitory and empty pleasure of figuring away for one day as the Sultan's bride.

We read in history, that Edward II. was twice content to brave the indignation of his rough, revengeful barons, sooner than to surrender Gavaston and Despencer to their fury. Though we condemn the effeminate weakness of the prince who gave up the reins of empire to an upstart minion, and by so doing alienated the affections of his subjects, we cannot help applauding the generosity of the man who preferred endangering his crown and his life, to the base policy of betraying those whom he had assured of his friendship, and to whom he had promised protection.

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would not, like Joshua's trumpet, throw down the walls of the Treasury, so as to afford an easy admission for their chiefs, nor would my voice, like the *fiat* of an Eastern magician, metamorphose the under-practitioners in patriotism into excisemen or custom-house officers; and at the present awful moment, approbation or censure would be equally injudicious and presumptuous.

Friend as I am to truth, unbiassed by party rage, and independent in circumstances, I am in a manner tempted to assert, that I would rather err with the members of the Secret Committee, than be in the right with the Conductors of the Analytical Review. This respectable and discerning part of our community have declared, in the most solemn and unequivocal manner, that, in their opinion, acts of hostility towards the State have been committed. For espousing the same sentiments as men like these, I do not deem it necessary to offer an apology. I am not ashamed to profess, that the conduct of Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's friends strikes me in the same light as it does them. I glory in being able to assert that their enemies are mine, and that in a publication, of which

But the sovereign people, not contented with betraying the guilty wretch who has been the purveyor of her orgies and the minister of her cruelties, herself inflicts the punishment, and adds ingratitude to the black catalogue of those crimes, which will be remembered when the enormities of a Caligula and a Heliogabalus are forgotten. The recent fate^x of Robespierre, one would imagine, must deter every man of common sense from ranging himself under the banners of sedition, and, should better motives unhappily be wanting, must induce him to remain loyal to his king.

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+ July 28. 1794 guillotined.

the intention, as far as can be gathered from letter and spirit combined, is the subversion of the British constitution, no little pains have been taken to depreciate *Vindiciæ Britannicæ*. The Conductors of the *Analytical Review* are conscious that truths, however bluntly clothed, may prove fatal to their plan, and dread is perceptible through the mask of ridicule and abuse; the guilty coward wishing to put on the appearance of the virtuous man of resolution, assumes the character of the scurrilous buffoon. |

By joining what I have said on the present occasion, to what is contained in the *Vindiciæ Britannicæ*, every man of common sense and common candour may see what are my sentiments. I am not afraid to submit them to the severest scrutiny; by them I must rise or fall. How far I am a lover of British freedom, I leave it to every man of common sense and common candour to determine. Since I have been accused of entertaining sentiments which every good man justly holds in abhorrence, no good man can find fault with my eagerness and vehemence in striving to purge myself from the slanderous imputation, or ascribe my reciting my political creed to vanity or egotism. In the principles of British freedom I have been educated, in these I will persevere; these principles, as I understand them, consist in veneration for my King, love for my country, respect for her laws, and indignation against those bad men, who, under the specious pretext of reform, wish to plunge her into the horrors of anarchy and despair.

F I N I S.

